

Longwood, June 8, 1865.

Dear Wife:

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Under the roof of my hospitable friends, John and Hannah Cox, I seized a moment to pencil a few lines to you, to report progress since yesterday.

We arrived in Philadelphia at 2 o'clock, and took dinner at a restaurant, where we revelled in strawberries and cream, ice cream, &c., &c. At 5 o'clock, we reached Longwood, where we found friend Cox waiting with his carriage to take us home, about a mile and a half distant. At sundown, with the moon at its full, and shining in a cloudless sky, we committed to the grave the mortal remains of Victoria Smith, the wife of Dr. Henry Smith, and the niece of Mary Ann Johnson, formerly Victoria Knight. You will recall the bright little girl whom we used to see daily at Cambridgeport, when we resided in her father's house at Cambridgeport. She grew up to be beautiful in person and in mind, and was greatly en-

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deared to those who knew her intimately. A year ago, at this time, she act as Clerk of the Meeting here; now she is elevated to a nobler position in a higher sphere of activity. In April she went with her husband to the island of Bermuda, (her difficulty being of a pulmonary nature,) where she remained till the 30th of May, on which day her spirit took its flight to the regions of bliss. She was a believer in Spiritualism, and occasionally a trance medium; and had frequent interviews with her mother, who gave her counsel and advice in a very remarkable manner. As the burial service was known only to our little circle, and one or two families in the neighborhood, there were but few present at it. The scene, however, was very touching and impressive. Oliver Johnson spoke briefly but in a very feeling manner, and I also added a simple testimony to the worth of the departed. Joshua Hutchinson sang a hymn well adapted to the occasion.

Our meetings commence this forenoon. Probably the attendance will be less in numbers than formerly, but this will be no drawback upon our comfort, as the meeting-house is not spacious. George Thompson is looking and feeling very poorly this morning, having the vertigo badly, and will hardly be able to participate in the proceedings to-day. He cannot bear much fatigue.

The family, and other friends, inquire eagerly as to your health, and rejoice to hear there is a prospect of your getting considerable benefit from your new treatment. I expect to answer at least a hundred times the question, "How is your wife," at this gathering—a question not raised as a matter of civility or curiosity, but from feelings of esteem and attachment.

It is regretted that Fanny did not accompany me to Longwood; but, though I urged her to do so, and though she wanted to come, the time was too short to allow her to get her things ready.

Every thing here is looking beautiful
as Eden. Nature is in her best attire,
and the season in all things much more
forward than usual. The prospects of
the farmer as to hay, grain, &c., are
very cheering.

As to yourself, every day brings
you a shock; but ^{as} it is of an electric
nature, and curative or partly remedial
in its operation, I can only wish that
you may have a shocking time of it
to the end! Work with your mill-
power all you can in furtherance of
the Doctor's efforts, and resolve that,
so far as you are concerned at least,
there shall be no such word as fail-
ure.

Mrs. Dow is just the woman after
your own heart, and will look after you
with a sisterly interest.

I do not think you will see
me in Providence before Saturday of next
week.

Lovingly, ever, W. L. G.

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